retired to await with what patience they might the long-delayed approach of the

by the arm
"Grand rounds!" he said, "it is the ange

he had heard repeated in the garden the royal palace as he stood among t

nounced a benediction upon the sentrice posted below.

"Blessed souls," he cried, "for whom we of this holy house have died that you might live, cause that your poor, vile bodies may fight for us this night! Let the dead meet the living and the living be over-thrown. Hear, Almighty Lord of both quick and dead—hear and answer!"

To be continued

To be continued

The Monkey-Talk Man Was Well in Africa

on July 4. From the Baltimore Sun

Prof. R. L. Garner, "the man who makes

monkeys talk," has, after months of silence, been heard from. Mr. Harry E. Garner, of

Basque spread abroad his hands

## "THE FIREBRAND."

BY & B. CROCKETT.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. Ramon Garcia, known as El Sarria, having beer d to believe that his wife Dolores is uni tuced to believe that his wire holores is unfaithful, but a village fop. Rafael Flores, whom he finds esumably kissing Bolores through the window, estates are confiscated and he becomes a hunted in. At the same time a young Scotch adventurer, bilo Blair, comes to Spain and during an inn quarrel aided by John Mortimer, an Englishman. The Trench gallant who is studying for hely orders.

These three with El Sarria, who has found protection
at the monastery, are commissioned by the abbot to
capture the Queen Regent and her little daughter in

En route for the camp of Cabrera, the Carlist Gen Induces was not false to him and that his downfail was plotted by Luis Fernandez. Induces is imprisoned in Luis's home and the son to whom she has had given birth is about to be buried alive by Luis's brother. Tomas, when El Sarria falls upon him. Then ided by Rollo Blair and his companions he captures because is home and rescues his wife. Blair and its commades, captured by Gen. Cabtern, cannot prove their sympathy with the Carilla cause because Blair was forced to leave his credentials at the convent as a prourity for Dolores. They are sentenced to be shot at daybreak. Concha arrives from the convent with the credentials, saves their lives and later joins Blair's in search of the Que'rn Regent.

adventurers learn that the Queen Regent's

court at San Ildefons, has scattered because of the Black Plague, and Cardona and La Gitaida are sent orward to reconnoitre. They learn that a band of expales are planning to raid the easile and Rollo astens to the rescue of the royal party. Rollo and hastens to the rescue of the royal party. Rollo and his party barricade the palace, and resist the gypsies. who succeed, however, in kidnapping the Princess Isabel. Rollo rescues isabel and starts with her for

### CHAPTER XXXV -CONTINUED. The sound of a brisk interchange of

shots came to their ears from the direction of the palace.

heads against stone walls," said the huge gypsy. "We are wiser men. They seek gold, and are in danger of getting lead ike you, we will be content with silver. Altar furniture is by no means to be de spised. It fits the melting pot as egg meat

fits eggshell. But whither do you fare?"
I am passing in this direction solely
that I may reach a place known to my uncle and myself, where the pair of us have a rendezvous," answered Rollo. "Mine uncie Den José hath had no wish to meddla to other men's matters, as indeed he told you all this yesterday morning. But as for me, seeing that I was young of my years and desired to make my mark, he permitted me to come. But I would rather ive up all my booty, though honestly taken with the strong hand, than keep José Maria waiting!"

The Moorish gypsy now laughed in his

Nav. that I doubt not," he said. "but here we are good fellows, right Roms, true to each other, and would rob no honest comrade of that for which he hath risked his Pass on, brother, and give to José Maria of Ronda the respects of Ezquerra, the executioner who on the Plaza Mayor of Salamanoa removed the spike from the fron cravat that so deftly marked him for

. With a burst of gratitude quick and share Rollo seized the huge hand and venny it heartily. You saved José Maria's life!" he cried;

"then mine is at your service!"

"Pass on, boy," smiled Exquerra grimly; it is not the first time since I became usher to the Nether World that I have been able to do a friend and brave comrade a good urn. Only warn him that now they have a new operator at Salamanca in whose reins circulates no drop of the true black blood of Egypt! He must not try the

he was into the second street before he dared to lift the covering of hav which hid the child. He expected to find her in a swoon with fright or half dead with fear

whispered. "What funny talk you speak. It sounded like cats spitting. You must strict with me, and will only let me learn French and Castillian, saving that all other languages are only barbarian and useless, which, indeed, may well be!" "Hush," said Rollo; "we are not yet in

safety. Here is the way to the Hermitage!" "But will you teach me the cat language?" "Yes-yes, that I will, and gladly," quoth Rollo to the little Queen, anxious to buy her silence on any terms; "as soon that is,

After passing the gate and the group collected there. Rollo had turned rapidly to the right, and soon the ancient walls of the Ermita of San Ildefonso rose before him, gleaming dimly through the dense greenery of the trees. If any of the fathers who made their homes at that sacred place still remained, the outside of the building

gave no sign of their presence.

But it was not a time for Rollo to stand on any ceremony. With a rough tug at the rein he compelled the donkey to follow a narrow winding path which, entering at an angle, made its way finally to the main door of the Hermitage. The young man thundered at the knocker, but receivreceiving no answer, he selected a flattish stone of a size suitable to pass between the iron grilles of the window bars and jingling of glass followed, upon which presently a white face was seen behind the bars

and a mild voice inquired his business. "The brethren are either asleep or gone about the affairs of their order in the town,"

There they found themselves face to face with four monks in white babits, their faces pale and grave in the candle light. They gave Rollo no sign of welcome, but each of them bowed his head low to the little Queen and then glanced inquiringly at her protector.

at her protector.

"Let the burro enter also," commanded Rello, "thrice I have been stopped on the way, and if they find the ass without, they will be the readier to believe that I have hidden my treasure with you!"

Then in the little whitewashed refectory, before the simple table so, which the fathers.

Then in the little whitewashed refectory, before the simple table on which the fathers, now sadly reduced in numbers, took their repasts. Rollo told his story. And, sinking on her knees devoutly before the great crucifix that hung over the mantlepiece, the little Queen repeated her childish prayers as placidly as if she had been at her nurse's knee in the royal palace of Madrid, with the sentries posted duly and the tramp of the guard passing without.

### CHAPTER XXXVI. THE DEATH CART

Thus came the little Isabel of Spain into the sanctuary. That the respite could only be temporary Rollo knew too will. The monks were stout and willing men, but such arms as they had belonged to almost primitive times, chiefly old blunder-busses of various patterns from the middle of the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth, together with a ballert or

The monks were stoat and willing men, but such arms as they had belonged to almost primitive times, chiefly old blunders busses of various patterns from the indide of the sixteenth contury to the end of the eighteenth, together with a halbert or two which had been used from time in nemorial in the Hermitage kitchen for breaking lones to get out the marrow chopping firewood, and such like bumble and poncetul occupations.

Two of the remaining brothers of the Ermita were as other men, plain, simple and devent, rendy to give up their lives of the young of disease at their past of dity, or by the steel of cruel and ignorant men, as the martyrs and confessors of whom they read in their brevianes had done in times past.

The cook-almoner, on the other hand, through to be a sheewl little man, with much ready conversation, a great humeris at most times, yet with a due recard to be a sheewl little man, with much ready conversation, a great humeris at most times, yet with a due recard to be a shoulder without a shudder, they will be gardens and down the long mal to take his confectioned entes.

The cook-almoner on the almost translational to great humeris at most times, yet with a due recard to the earlier by the steel to carry her, and moved her as far as the chair. Then, being weak we could get no farther! But do you help, and it will be easy."

E-lo, growing accustomed to death and its said victims lifted the shrouded its said victims lifted the shrouded in the farther lost in the form which will be greated and no farther lost in the form which will be a not of another mould. He was a tall, square-shouldered man, now a little bent with age, but with the fires of loyalty luming deep will never a farther lost in the form which will be constitution feelbe, but he was just recovering from a dangerous attack of puemonia. Altogeher Brother Lost for the mark was an another mould have a large and another mould have a large and another mould have a large and a large a Dut saving the pistols and the limited animulation which Rollo had brought with him in his belt, and the bell-mouthed blunder-busses afor eaid, rusted and useless, there was not a reapon of offence within the hermitage of San Ildeforso of greater weight than the kitchen poker.

The Basque friar laid his hand on his brow and leaned against the wall for a minute or two in silent meditation.

"I have it," he said suddenly turning upon Rollo, "it is our only chance—a ghastiy one it is true, but we are in no case for fine distinctions. We will get out the death cart and gather us an army.

Rollo gazed at the monk Teodoro as if he had suddenly lost his wits.

"The death cart! What is that?" he cried, "and how will that help us to gather an army?

The Basque smiled and Rollo noticed when he did so that his eyebrows twitched

The Hasque smiled and Robo hotteed when he did so that his eyebrows twitched spasmodically. There was a broad scar sushed across one of them. This man had not been in the army of the "Gran Ler" for nothing! For in addition to the sabre cut he had great ideas under that blue-weined, broad, sick man's forehead of his

of his.

Yes, answered Teodoro, calmly, "our brother whose duty it was to collect the bodies of the plague-stricken died two days ago, and the oxen have not been in the town since. As for me, I, too, have been sick—a mere calculure, though for a time the brethren feared that the plague had land its hand on me, and as for those other two, they have enough to do to keep up their ministrations among the living! To give the last sacrament to the dying is after all more important than to cover up the dead, an army to defend our little Queen—the Lord's anointed. For in this matter I do not think as do the most of my brothers of the church. I am no Carlist, God be my witness!"

Rollo was still in a maze of wonder and doubt when they arrived at the little stables attached to the long, low building of the Hermitage and began to harness the oxen to the cart. He pridled himself on his quickness of resource, but this was clean beyond him.

"One of us must abide here," continued the nonk. I am still sick unto death, so that I greatly fear that I can give you not be the long with the weapons of the flesh. Do not fear for the little stables and the princess only make such speed as you can!"

And with the utmost haste the Basque instructed Rolle as to his behavior when he should reach the town, whilst at the same time he was hoping him into the dress instructed Rolle as to his behavior when he hold which here were directed once more toward the hermitage and began to the dress of the lesh of the oxen which here is the head of the same through the princess of the lower of the lesh of the oxen have not forgotten my skill with the weapons of the flesh. Do not fear for the little princess?

And with the utmost haste the Basque instructed Rolle as to his behavior when he should reach the town, whilst at the same time he was helping him into the dress.

Not one word either of love or reproach had Rolle spoken since those into which

can!"

And with the utmost haste the Basque instructed Rollo as to his behavior when he should reach the town, whilst at the same time he was helping him into the dress of a Brother of Pity and arranging the heod across his face.

"Hold your head well down," so ran the monk's rubric for the dread office; "repeat in a loud voice, 'Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead." No more than that and no less! With the butt of your ox-staff strike the doors whereon you see painted the red cross, and those that remain will bring out whom the plague hath smitten!"

The young man listened as in a dream. The oxen started at the friar's gentle chirrup. The ox-staff was placed in Rollo's hand, and lo' be was guiding the mees, bent heads softly toward the town, before he even realized that he was now to encounter a for far more terrible than any ne had ever faced in hatfle or at the rapier s point upon the field of honor.

The trees were selidiv dark as black velvet above him. The oxen padded softly over the well-trodden path. In the gloom he dropped his goad and only became consetous when he tried to pick it up that the Basque had drawn over his hands a pair of huge gloves which reached down almost to his wrists. These had been carefully tarred outside, and doubtless furnished at least some protection against infection.

The great, well-fed beasts, white oxen of the finer Castilian broed, a gift of the plague has to his bade a gift of the care down the ground the finer Castilian broed, a gift of the plague.

And the fine three dead once more toward the hermitage.

Not one word either of love or reproach had held so spoken since those into which he had been startled by the fear less the mitage.

Not one word either of love or reproach had held one had been startled by the fear less the mitage.

Not one word either of love or reproach had been startled by the fear less the mitage.

Not one word either of love or reproach had been startled by the fear lost the plague. Nor did they be fear less the hand had

about the affairs of their cortex in the town, the most kaid, "there is no general hose purity been in time of places," and of the same and the time of places, and the same a

"What is she doing here at this hour of the night?"

"Let me in and I will tell you," cried the lady herself: "quick—do you hear? I will tell Father Ignacio, my mother's confessor, if you do not, and you will be put on bread and water and very like have your head cut off as well."

In a minute more they heard the noise. In a reinute more they heard the noise. It is the town in the chilly hours of the night. Here and there at the sound a lattice opened and some bereaved one cried down to the monk to step.

Then staggering down the staircase, lighted (it may be) by some haggard crone with a guttering candle, or only stumbling blindly in the dark with their load, the bearers would come. In a very few cases these were two men. More frequently a and some bereaved one cried down to the monk to stop.

Then staggering down the staircase, lighted (it may be) by some haggard crone with a guttering candle, or only stumbling blindly in the dark with their load, the bearers would come. In a very few cases these were two men. More frequently a man and d woman, and most frequently of all, two women.

"Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!"

dead!"
"Brother, we cannot," a shrill voice came from high above. "Come up hither and help us for God's sake and the Holy Virgin's. She is our mother, and we are two young maids, children without strength."
Boilo looked up and saw the child that called down to him. Another at her shoulder held a lighted candle with a tremising hand.

orother, "sleet and the price of the could not well leave his oxen. He was to arrive to-day. We would be very angry if she had been at val palace of ved duly and without.

It went to Rollo's heart to refuse, but had been at val palace of ved duly and without.

While he stood in doubt, his mind swaying this way and that, a figure darted across to him from the opposite side of the atreed—a boy dressed in a suit of the royal liveries, but with a clonk thrown about his shoulders and a sailor's red cap upon his head.

"Give me the stick," he said in a muffled will.

Without pausing to consider the meaning of this curious circumstance, where all to have as much liberty as we want?

"Well," replied the Princess, targing out of harmony with his priestly vocation.

He found the hittle malded with the candle vaiting at the door for him. Standard was a vocation of the found the hittle malded with the candle vaiting at the door for him. Standard was a vocation of the proper of the stook steps, strangely out of harmony with his priestly vocation.

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He found the hittle malded with the candle vaiting at the door for him. Standard was vocation of the proper of the stook of the proper of the s

Twice during your absence did I be-lieve them on their way, said the friar.
On the first occasion I heard in the wood.

the feeble rays fell directly on the boy's pturned uses. At the sight Rollo stumbled ad almost fell with his burden. The boy ut out his hand to stay him. His fingers most touched the dead.

"Hands off" thundered Rollo, in ferce

anger "Concha Cabezos, how dare you come hither?"

The boy looked up at the man and "Rello I came because you dared."

### CHAPTER XXXVII.

They walked on for a while in silence, Rollo too much thunderstruck and confounded to speak a word. His whole being was rent with the most opposite feelings. He was certainly angry with Concla. So much was clear to him. It was rash, it was unmaidenty—to follow him at such a time in such a guise. Yet the girl had come. She was risking a terrible death for his sake. Well, what of that? It was right and natural that he should hold his life in his hands. All his life he had loved adventure as men their daily bread—not passionately, but as a necessity of existence. THE DEAD STAND SENTINEL.

# light and if the gypsies were coming that night their appearance would not be long delayed. It was Rollo's opinion that they would attack with the first glimmer of day-light from the east. Rollo followed the Basque upward to the roof, and Concha, with her cape still about her shoulders, followed Rollo into the light of the hall, nervously dragging the folds as low as possible about her knees. The little Queen had two candles before her and under her fingers was a great book of maps upon which dragons and tritons, whales and sea monsters writhed across uncharted seas, while an equal wealth of unicorns and fire-breathing gryphons freely perambulated the unexplored continental spaces. THE GIRL IN THE BOTTLE.

Being the True and Startling Adven tures of Little Dorothy, Who Was Wished Into a Bottle by Her Young Brother.

Copyright, 1901, by Charles Battell Learning

Little Dorothy was the sunbeam of the Stuart household. She was four years old and her cute sayings in one day would have taken an ordinary school boy a whole week o write out, staying in after school to do it. The Stuarts lived near Stamford, in Con-

necticut, on the Sound. There are Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, Robert and Dorothy. Robert is nine and he reads fairy stories so much that an oculist told his mother not long ago that if he didn't look out he wouldn't be able to look out after a while After that he didn't read as much as before but he remembered all the stories he'd read and he often wished that fairies lived nowa-days. He didn't know the fairies are just as plentiful now as they ever were. One day Mr. and Mrs. Stuart went out

driving and left Robert and Dorothy in charge of Bridget. She is a good-natured hare brained girl, who would'nt object if the children walked over her head, as long as they were happy.

Dorothy "wrote letters" for a while and

I know is that I wish I had more of it. Dona Susanna will not let me do a single thing I want to do. But when I grow up I mean to do just what I like."

But the girl was not yet finished with her inspection of Concha.

"Do you know," she went on, "I think you are the very prettiest boy I have ever seen. You may come and kiss me. When I am grown up I will make you an officer of my bodyguard!"

Leaving little Isabel Segunda to make friends according to her heart with the page boy from Aranjuez (to whom she immediately proceeded to swear unutterable fidelity) Rollo and Brother Teodoro retired to await with what patience they Robert read. Then the little girl, tired of waiting, said "Let's play church and I'll talk out loud like that man in the box." but Robert wanted something more exciting than that. "Let's play fairies. I read about a man

that snut people up in bottles," he said. "O Oh, will you please shut me up in a bockel? I want to be a fairy story."
"All right, I'll put you on the table here and then I'll get a bottle."

And then I'll get a bottle.

He put Dorothy on the dinner table and then he found an empty blue bottle that had held a quart of some kind of medicine.

He brought it in and set it down beside her.

her.

"Are you going to put me in the bockel?" asked she, gleefully.

"Yes, now just stand alongside of it and I'll take out the cork, and then I'll pass my hands over your head like this. He suited the action to the word, and as he waved his hands over the dear little thing he said: "Abracadabra! May you get into the bottle." wild cries, mixed with oaths, cursings and revilings, unfit for any Christian ears. God help this land that holdeth such heathens within it!

The ruddy light of approaching day scarce tinged the tree-tops, but the highest fleecy clouds caught the glow long before the horizon was touched. Yet the darkness down among the trees was less absolute the before. There was also a weird, far-

ness down among the trees was less absolute than before. There was also a weird, faraway crying, and then the cheerful clatter of hoofs upon a road nearer at hand. A slight stirring among the higher foliage advertised the coming of a breeze. Involuntarily the two men shivered as with a soughing murmur a blast of ice wind swept down from the peaks of Penalara and the Basque gripped his companion by the arm. Robert had no idea that Dorothy would Robert had no idea that Dorothy would go into the bottle, but she believed her brother so thoroughly that she was not at all surprised when she dwindled in size until she was able to sit on the edge of it. At last she slipped in. She dropped easily to the bottom, and a dear little voice came out through the neck, saying:

"Oh, brother, it's all blue in here like the window in church."

Robert was a boy who took things as they came, so he said: "Now, you stay in there, sister, while I run and get Willy Raymond to come and see you. Don't try to get out."

Dorothy promised and clasped her tiny hands in glee at being in such a lovely place.

Dorethy promised and clasped her tiny hands in glee at being in such a lovely place. Robert left her on the table and went out of the front door just as a rag man came in at the back door.

"Any old rags, rubbers, paper or bottles?" asked the man of Bridget who was scrubbing the kitchen floor.

"Sure, I have a bundle of rags, and I'll look for some bottles, but I sold you all the

"Grand rounds!" he said, "it is the angel of death visiting his outposts."

But Rollo was aware that after the fatigues of the night and the proximity of so many victims of the plague, a chill would most likely be fatal. So he carefully drew a silken handkerchief from his pocket and fastened it carefully about his throat, advising the monk to cover his head with his hood.

Then suddenly another sound caught his ear. It was the identical signal he had heard from Sergt. Cardono, the same he had heard repeated in the garden of "They are here," he whispered hoarsely to his companion, "it is the gypsies battle

"Sure, I have a bundle of rags, and I'll look for some bottles, but I sold you all the rubbers the last time you came."

She had, indeed, sold all the brand new rubbers, but Mr. Stuart had forgiven her because she was a greenhorn and supposed it was one of the customs of the country to sell such things. She now went up to get the rags and on her way down from the sewing room she passed through the dining room and saw what looked like an uncorked empty bottle. She picked if up, singing the while an Irish song that effectually drowned Dorothy's voice. The little girl was not frightened; she was early telling Bridget that she was "in the beckel" and it was "just like being in a church window."

The rag man took the rags and the bottle and paid Bridget II cents for fhe whole lot. The Rasque spread abroad his hands, raising them first to heaven and auon pointing in the direction of the approaching foe.

"The scourge of God!" he cried "Let the scourge of God descend upon those that do wickedly! The prayer of a dying man availeth! Let the doom fall!"

He apread his hand aboad as if he propounced a benediction upon the sentries posted below.

and paid Bridget II cents for the whole lot. Then he departed in the direction of Stam-ford, and when Robert, who had had to hunt

monkeys talk, has, after months of silence, been heard from. Mr. Harry E. Garner, of 1411 Mount Royal avenue, son of the distinguished scientist, yesterday received a letter from his father, dated Mbeka, Manji Nenge, West Africa, July 4. Prof. Garner is in excellent health and, according to his letter, is mainly engaged in hunting big game in the Jungles of the Dark Continent. He says nothing about his experience with the monkeys or how his experience with the monkeys or how his experience with the monkeys or how his experience with the phonograph are progressing. Much of the letter is devoted to personal and family affairs. Omitting these portions, the letter is as follows.

WEST AFRICA, July 4, 1901.

My Drar Son: I am just in receipt of your letter of April 11. Since the first week in March I have been living near this native village, about forty miles from Cape Lopez, and for four months never saw a white man the lives at Cape Lopez came to visit me, and insisted upon my returning with him to the coast to spend a few days. I accepted his invitation, went with him and spent three days. We went overland, and the little waik of forty miles did me much good. I returned by cance.

I could write you many adventures with buffalo since my sojourn here. I have been, much of my time, in quest of them as my chief food supply. You must know that the equatorial buffalo is a very wary and dangerous animal to hunt and quite the hardest to kill of any that I know of. He is active and pugnacious, and when provoked or wounded will fight to the death. I was charged three times in one day by them, and have been in some very narrow calls with them. A few days ago I killed three in less than two hours, and two of these I shot at one sitting—that is to say, I killed one, and by the time it was on the ground I shot the second one.

All three fell at the crack of the rifle, which is a thing almost unknown to those who are familiar with hunting this burly bovine. I shot the second one.

Often they are found dead in the bush after th

what has become of it, then: and Dorothy was in it."

"The saints presarve us! Is it baby Dorothy in a bottil? Gwan an' don't be foolin."

But Robert was never more serious in his life and he began to look all over the house for the precious bottle and thus much valuable time was wasted.

While he and Willy were searching, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart came home.

"Where's mama's precious Dotty?" asked Mrs. Stuart as soon as she opened the front door, and then Robert told her what had happened.

Mrs. Stuart as soon as she opened the front door, and then Robert told her what had happened.

She knew him to be a truthful boy and so she did not doubt that he had done what he said he had. Some women would have refused to believe a word of the story and would have sent him to bed for telling so improbable a tale, but she knew that if she was to get back her darling she must act quickly. She had met the rag man on her way home with Mr. Stuart. She went out into the kitchen.

"How must, did you get for the blue backs, Bridget?" asked she.

"Only wan cint, mum," said Bridget before she realized what she was doing. Mrs. Stuart ran back to Robert and his father. "Jump on your wheels, both of you, and ride to Stamford. Bridget sold the bottle to the old junkman and if darling Dorothy isn't suffocated among all his old rags you may find her," she said.

In two minutes the two were wheeling to Stamford at such a gait as made people.

rags you may find her, she said.

In two minutes the two were wheeling to Stamford at such a gait as made people stare.

By great good luck they found the junkman. He was about sitting down to his supper in a little hote!

"I remember the bottle. Very dark blue," he said. Mr. Stuart did not tell him of its contents, as rag men are so incredulous sometimes and it was none of his business what the bottle contained. "I sold it to a stableman and you'll find it in Ezra White's stable. It's full of horse limiment by now, I guess."

Mr. Stuart turned pale and Robert choked down a sob. To think of their dear little sunny Dorothy drowned in horse limiment! The thought was maddening. They jumped on their wheels and in a few minutes were at the stable to which they had been directed. The proprietor was just going home to supper.

"It must have been my son," said he. "He went to New York not a half hour ago to take a horse of Rocfielder's down to the horse show. I don't know if he had a bottle or not. I haven't seen any blue bottles around, without they were fies."

You may imagine that Mr. Stuart was in no mood for joking. He asked Mi. White when the next train for New York left the station and was told in "five minutes." They left their wheels at the stable and ran to the station. They had just time to catch the express for New York. They reached Madison Square Garden, where the show was to be held, an hour ahead of the stableman, who had come on a fast freight.

Finally, he came up, riding the Rocfielder horse. Yes, he had bought the bottle, but it was not in his jossession.

"What's become of it?" asked Mr. Stuart, anxiously.

"Oh, it's bewitched. You see I thought."

a word, so I picked off the top blanket and I found the voice in the blanket.

"Well, I washed my hands of it then. I wouldn't have anything more to do with it and I told Jack to take it. He grabbed it like it was a nugget of gold and he looked into it down the neck and talked to it like a baby. Whether he did all the talkin' or not I can't say, but whenever he spoke he was answered and at last I was so nervous I asked him to leave off and I made him go with his bottle to the other end of the caboose. He lives over some museum and if you want the bottle you'll find it there.

Mr. Stuart was overjoyed to find that probably Dorothy was still in the land of the living so he sent a telegram to Mrs. Stuart, telling her that they were on Dorothy's track, and after putting Robert up at a hotel he spent the rest of the night trying to find over which museum the man lived, but without success.

About noon of the next day he and Robert were walking down the Bowery, thoroughly disheartened, when they saw a man putting up a freshly painted sign in front of a dime museum. On it was painted a blue bottle inside of which were the dim outlines of a little girl. The announcement read:

"Greatest marvel of the nineteenth contury, Marietta, the Mite. The girl in the bottle. Tom Thumb not in it. Only the girl. She can talk, eat and sing and she's only six inches high. Barnum outdone. Come in and see her. Only a dime, ten cents."

Mr. Stuart rushed in and was so excited that he tried to pass the ticket taker without horiers a ticket. But such things

ten cents."

Mr. Stuart rushed in and was so excited that he tried to pass the ticket taker without buying a ticket. But such things are not allowed on the Bowery and he was detained until, helf frantic, he flung down a deliar and without waiting for change rushed in with Robert at his heels.

A crowd surrounded a table on which stood a dark blue bottle. The lecturer was sust beginning his lecture.

stood a dark blue bottle. The fecturer was just beginning his lecture.

"Ladies and gents," said he, "noture is never tired of revealing her marvels to us. At one time Tom Thumb was the most famous man on the known universe," he said, "because he was the smallest, but said, "because he was the smallest, but nature was at work and in process of time we had (commodore Nutt and then Lucia Zarate, the Mexican Midget. But now at the close of of this wonderful nineteenth century all the former dwarfs are turned into comparative giants by the appearance into comparative giants by the appearance of the smallest creature that ever drew the breath of life. I refer, ladies and gents, to Marietta, the Human Atom. She was found upon the lovely shores of Citcheegoomee in a bottle, much as Moses was found in the bull rushes. She can talk, sing, eat and is every respect the mental peer of her more sizeable sisters. Ask her ber any questions and receive her martellous replies."

dlous replies."
"Derothy," said Mr. Stuart, "papa's

come for you."

The lecturer paused in astonishment, but he was more amazed when a tiny voice shouted "Popsy, my popsy!" and a sound of hand clapping came out of the bottle.

The audience roared with delight, but their wonder knew no bounds when Robert stepped forward and said.

"Abracadabra! May you come out of that bottle and grow to your full size at once." At the words a little golden head ap-

At the words a little golden head appeared at the top of the bottle and then what looked like a lovely doll climbed out and slid to the table. Murmured "ahs" and "ohs" were heard from the women present. But in a moment Dorothy grew to her usual size and sprang to her father's arms.

He, foreseeing trouble with the management, handed a roll of bills to the lecturer and then he and Robert fled into the street.

the street.

That afternoon the trio arrived home and Mrs. Stuart clasped her darling in her arms and made her and Robert promise thereafter they would have nothing further to do with magic

### CROWLESS ROOSTERS.

The Disappointment of an Inventor Who Thought He Had Succeeded.

From the Boston Journal "Would it be possible for me to invent some simple attachment by which the cheery but piercing notes of the early-crowing chanticleer could be prevented without injury to the bird?" This was the question that Edward P Howard of Brockton, asked himself not long ago. He was confined to his home at the time with an attack of the grip, and the dulcet tones of the pet bantams for Willy, returned with him Dorothy was a good mile away and sound asleep from the motion of the wagon.

When Robert discovered the loss of the bottle he asked Brdget if she had seen it. That maiden, being afraid that it was a valuable bottle, promptly replied that she knew nothing about it.

"Well," said Robert, "I can't imagine what has become of it, then; and Dorothy was in it."

"This boon to heads of funding marriagement of steel springs and padded clamps, by means of which the relaxition of belonging to his son were not conducive to the enjoyments of the needful "beauty sleep."

Now, Brockton is the home of inventors not only of shoe machinery, but of many other "Yankee notions" for was it use in the Shoe City that a wise and thoughtful married man invented the anti-spering machine? This boon to heads of families was an arrangement of steel springs and padded clamps, by means of which the relaxation of the jaws so necessary to the well-rounded and able-badded shore was prevented automatically. It was so planned that the farther the laws were opened the tighter the machine's grip, and thus the shore was cut off before its birth without effort on the part of the wearer.

Mr. Howard remembered the success of this anti-spering device, which by the way, was successfully alanted, and he set out to conquer the crowing of the troublesome roosters in a similar manner. The bantans upon which the first experiments were made to the ascent is almost directly upground which the first experiments were made to the ascent is almost directly upground the set out to the manner.

that some two districts and he direct to hope that some two districts well as the control of the authorized upon several heavy songators of the Physical activities of the surface of the authorized the sound he trained the sound the train he had chosen. At the copper wires, gipers and a start heart the Haward season the train he had chosen. It is not be told a Journal and the sound he will be surface to the little below. For it is he told a Journal and the surface of the little below the little below the surface of the little below the little below the surface of the little below the l

# THE FIRST PARACHUTE JUMP

START OF A SPORT WHICH HAS NOW RECOME COMMON.

Sam Baldwin the First Balloonist to Make the Jump The Feat More Perlious in Appearance Than in Reality-Homan Cannon Balls and Other Variations

The parachute jumper is a recent reduct in the profession of ballooning.
The first parachute jumper was Sam Baldwin now a successful manufacturer of baileons. He, his brother and Prof. Van Tassel, all three gas balloon men. happened to meet in a Los Angeles hotel in the summer of 1887. Each had a hard fack story to tell and it was unanimously agreed that the business had gone to the dogs. As a means of resuscitating it, Baldwin suggested the parachute leap. The others did not believe it possible for a man make the jump and live. None of them was willing to make the experiment, so a bag of sand was used. The balloon was sent up with a long string attached to the parathute rope. When the bag had risen threequarters of a mile the cord was pulled and the chute cut loose. It dropped like a log for 100 feet, then opened and came lowly down to earth.

Repeated experiments convinced the trie that it was a safe trick with a man in place of the bag of sand. Van Tassel then went to San Francisco to interview the newspapers and got them to send reporters to Los Angeles, but while he was away the impatient Baldwins experimented themselves and Sam made the first jump in history safely and easily.

The Baldwins were quick to realize the money value of being first in the field, and they started East to introduce the sport there. Greatly incensed Van Tassel broke with them and getting an outfit began making ascents himself

The new act leaped into popular faver at once. The daring of the performance and the seeming fact that it was more than an equal chance that the gropaut would be dashed to pieces drew crowds wherever the leap was advertised to take place. The man who "rode the bag" could command almost any price he asked. For some time the three balloonists had the field to themselves. Most of the other gronauts were afraid of it. With four assistants and a pushing manager the Baldwins made a tour around the world. In a year and a half they netted \$100,000 in cash.

With the advent of other "riders of the bag" prices began to drop. From \$1,000 that was once paid for Fourth of July performances at the big resorts, prices went steadily downward until \$250 was reached. Still more recruits came, and nowadays the ruling price is from \$25 to \$40. No one has ever compiled an accurate list of the number of men who depend upon toe parachute jumping as a means of five a-nood, but estimates range from 300 to 500. The public craze for noveity, contined with the desire to excel, caused a number

of innovations. First came the man and a woman, then later the dog was added. First the man and woman rode on the same a woman, then later the dog was added.

First the man and woman rode on the same bar. Later they had separate parachutes, tied to the same bar. Then came the man riding a bieycle in midair. When he left the ground he was pedalling at a great rate. This he kept up as long as he was in sight. It looked very risky, but it wasn't.

Later came the man who fired himself out of a cannon in midair. This was spectacular and taking, but a great deal of a fake. The folded chute was first placed inside a big tube of tin mounted on stanchions and carriage of the same flimsy material, painted black to resemble iron. Then the performer crawled in. He had concealed in the breast of his "leotard," the half coat used by all tumblers and trapere artists, a pistol, provided with blank cartridges. The balloon was released in the ordinary manner, and when it reached a proper height the zeronaut exploded his cartridge, and "the human cannon ball" dropped into view.

and fro the ascent is almost directly up-ward. The man who is quitting the earth is curiously enough the only one who doesn't feel that he is doing anything of the kind.